





## Poetry.

## Little at First, Mighty at Last.

A traveler on a dusty road,  
A traveler on a dusty road,  
And one took root and sprouted up,  
And grew into a tree.  
Love taught its child to love,  
To love its child to love,  
And age was pleased at heart of age,  
To root beneath its boughs.  
The demoniac life dancing twice,  
The birds sang merrily;  
It stood a glory in its place—  
A blessing evermore.

A little spring has lost its way  
Amid the grass and fern;  
A passing stranger scooped a well,  
Where weary men might turn—  
He walled it in and hung with care  
A ladle at the brink—  
He thought not of the dead he did,  
But judged that toll might drink.  
He passed again, and lo! the well,  
By summer never dried,  
Had cooed ten thousand parching tongues  
And saved a life beside.

A dreamer dreamed a random thought,  
"Twas old, and yet 'twas new;  
A simple fancy of the brain,  
But strong in being true;  
It fell upon a gentle mind  
And lo! the thought became  
A lamp of light, a beacon ray,  
A safely guiding flame.  
The thought was small, the imagination;  
A watch fire on the hill,  
It sends its radiance far and wide  
And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man amid the crowd  
That thronged the busy mart,  
Let fall the words of hope and love,  
A whisper on the tumult thrown.  
Naught but a passing breath—  
It raised a brother from the dust,  
O oak! O oak! O words of love!  
O thought at random cast!  
Ye were but little at the first,  
But mighty at the last.

## The Last Marital Button.

[The following very graceful lines were written during the late war by a gallant young officer who served with distinction on the staff of "Stonewall" Jackson, and who is now a prominent lawyer of Western Maryland. They were addressed to a fair Baltimorean and accompanied the last button from the coat in which he was wounded at Gettysburg.]

'Tis the last marital button left drooping alone,  
All its honored companions are cut off and gone!  
They are gone—they were taken and carried away  
From the St. Lawrence River to Chesapeake Bay.

The old coat is tattered—grown rusty its gray;  
It has fought its last fight and seen its best day;  
And, like an old soldier who lived in the past,  
Once honored and brilliant, now with sadness o'ercast,

This old wounded coat, its brightness all fled,  
Recalls scenes of glory and those who are dead;  
On the field of Antietam 'twas baptized in blood,  
And he who thus marked it there went to his God.

When in thunder and smoke war rode thro' the air,  
And lighted the green hills with death's red glare;  
By the side of that hero, old "Stonewall" the great—  
(Who can think of his greatness and not mourn his fate?)

It has galloped on fields when the battle begun,  
And marked his calm smile when the battle was won;  
In the first flush of triumph, the quiet of camp,  
On the long weary march, by the parlor's bright lamp,

It has been my companion by night and by day,  
As it gleamed in the sun or the moon's pale ray;  
By his bedside of death a mute mourner it stood,  
As it caught his last smile or wept at his blood.

It has heard the proud grief as it gushed from the nation,  
In a flood of wild tears and a great lamentation;  
His body was borne gently to its rest in the grave,  
But his spirit still lives with the true and the brave.

Yes, this old "rebel" button, so tarnished and dim,  
I have thus kept most fondly in memory of him;  
To thee I now give it, 'tis old, and 'tis rare—  
It has followed the brave—let it rest with the fair.

Selected Tale.

## A DREAM THAT CAME TRUE.

BY JESSIE PIERSON.

Lida Deane pinned a spray of coral honeysuckle on the bosom of her dress, as she stood before the glass in her little bedroom.

But she was not thinking of the pretty face looking back at her. She did not see the waving brown hair, with its gleams of gold, the soft gray eyes and dimpled cheeks and chin.

She was thinking, with a half sorrowful pang, of the dream from which her mother's voice had aroused her—such a beautiful dream of the far away world beyond the mountains.

Instinctively she glanced out of the window at the high hills so lovely now in their many tinted robes of leaves. All the little, fine mist was floating up from the valley at the bidding of the great sun. Beyond and above the sky was cloudless, and in a tree close by a bird was singing as if in exultation over the fair morning that heralded a fairer day.

But now these sights and sounds were lost on Lida. Only the memory of this beautiful dream filled her mind.

"Mother," she said, slowly, at the breakfast table, "I am sorry you awoke me this morning. I was dreaming such a pleasant dream, and oh, I am

so tired living here among the mountains."

"Tired of home, daughter?" she said. "No, mother," coloring faintly, "not exactly that. But I dreamed last night of being out in the wide, beautiful world, and," sighing, "it was so different from this."

"Saturday night's dream, Sunday morning told, is sure to come to pass. Before it's a week old,"

repeated blue eyed Nell, looking up from her plate. "Who can tell, Lida, what may happen in a week," she added laughing gaily, "though I don't think you found even the mountains so fearfully stupid when Mr. Gregory was here."

"Nell!" began her mother, reprovingly, but she failed to check the laughing words. "I am afraid you have missed your last chance to see the world, it," she went on, "for I really thought he would ask you to go with him when he went away, from the devotion he manifested while he was here."

The color flamed for a moment in Lida's cheeks, and, ebbing, left them suddenly pale. "You are talking nonsense, Nell," she said, rising and preparing to go about the usual household duties of the day.

But when the last task was ended, the house in perfect order, the flowers watered, the little parlor swept and dusted, she went up stairs alone to her room, and sat down to think. "Nell's words were true; he did seem to think of me," she thought sadly, as a remembrance came back to her of the long moonlit evenings when they had sat together on the vine-shadowed porch. "Such happy evenings," she mused sorrowfully, raising her chin in the palm of her small hand, and looking through the open window with dreamy eyes at the distant hills. The sensitive lips quivered for a moment, then a resolute expression settled around the mouth.

"I will forget it," she said; "no one shall ever dream that I care," raising her small head proudly. "No one shall ever think that Lida Deane gave her heart to a stranger, unasked."

The long summer afternoon wore by with its drowsy murmuring life. The bees hummed over the flowers in the garden, the yellow butterflies flew hither and thither; the sunbeams slanted westward, slowly fading, one by one, until at last the sun had gathered again all his bright lances into his golden quiver.

A cloud glided over the sky after sunset, and the night was ushered in with a few drops of rain, while the wind sighed through the trees.

"There will be a storm," said Judge Deane anxiously that night, looking out through the dusk at the swaying trees and the dull, darkening sky; "and I am sorry," he added thoughtfully, "for those poor fellows will have a hard time of it, I am afraid."

"Whom do you mean, father?" said his wife, looking up from the lamp she was lighting, while Lida and Nell turned questioning eyes to their father's face.

"Why, Gregory and his party," he answered them. "I received a letter from him to-day, saying that some unforeseen circumstance had occurred, and they are ordered back here for a week. And he said also that they would leave Lexington for this place this afternoon, with a heavily laden team. I met Monroe Bailey just now, as I came up the street, and he told me that the barriers on the east side of the cliff were broken away this morning by a heavy wagon falling over, and both driver and horses killed. It would be a bad place to pass in the daytime," he went on, as if to himself, "but at night, and in a storm, and knowing nothing of the fact—If I were a younger man, he broke off suddenly, "and equal to the task, I would ride on to-night and warn them of their danger. I am afraid—"

"Why, Lida, child, what is the matter?" for his daughter had come to his side and laid a little trembling hand on his arm, while her white, imploring face looked up to his.

"Father," she said, wildly, "let me go! I know every foot of the way, and I do not mind the storm or the distance, and you know no one can ride Tom as well as I! Father," seeing a look of dissent in his face, "there is not a moment to lose! I must go."

"My child!" he began, but she checked him with a wild gesture.

"Do not forbid me," she implored; "I cannot bear it—the thought of any one's danger! Mother, Nell, beg father to let me go!" turning to them with impassioned pleading in her outstretched hands.

"You are a brave girl, my daughter," said her father, brokenly, yet not without an accent of pride in his voice. "I fear for your safety, yet I can only say, go, if you will, and may the good God protect you!"

Without another word he left the room to prepare the horse—while Mrs. Deane put her arms around her daughter, and little Nell clung to her hand sobbing.

It was only a moment before the horse stood ready before the door, and in another Lida had sprung into the saddle and the sound of hoofs was echoing down the long, rocky road.

How dark the night was, yet she never hesitated. The lightning flashed around her, the rain fell in torrents, but nothing deterred that wild gallop over the hills. Once or twice the horse, startled as he was, stumbled and nearly fell, but she reined him up sharply and urged him on only the

fafter, the agonized dread being all the while uppermost in her thought. "If I should be too late."

How she passed over those fifteen miles she never could remember afterward, but at last she reached the top of that long hill on whose descent was the dangerous crag where only that morning a man had met his death.

She dismounted and stood for a moment listening. No sound broke the stillness save the mournful sighing of the wind mingled with that of the falling rain. Leading her horse she felt her way slowly down the hill. At its foot she paused again. Suddenly a sound reached her ear—the noise of wheels in the distance. Five minutes more and she had been too late. She stood still in the road and waited for them to come nearer. They were talking and laughing. She could hear the voice that had power to thrill the very depths of her heart, whose kindly utterance she had listened to in her own quiet home, while she learned the sweetest, saddest lesson her life had ever known.

Suddenly her sweet, clear, young voice rang out through the darkness, "Dismount and lead your horses up the crag," it said, "the barriers have been broken away, and it is dangerous."

An exclamation of surprise escaped their lips as they reined in their horses; for an instant a flash of lightning revealed the slender, girlish figure standing in the road, then it was swallowed up in darkness, and they saw it no more.

Her warning given, Lida turned and swiftly traced her steps up the hill. On its brow she waited till all danger to them was past; then, mounting her horse, galloped homeward.

She had been in her little bed for some time sitting upright, listening for the sound of wheels, when the wagon at length drew up before the door.

She heard her father's voice on the porch in welcome, and the clear ringing tones she had learned to know so well, and then the courage that had upheld her during her long, perilous ride, forsook her utterly, and hiding her face in the pillow she cried herself to sleep.

It was late when she came down stairs next morning. Her father, with the strangers, had gone for some time before she ventured to leave her room. Instinctively she shrank from meeting them.

It was dark when they returned. Lida had gone out in the garden. She stood leaning over the fence, watching the great golden moon as it rose slowly between the mountains. The magical rays slanted across the hills, touched the rocky road that wound into indistinctness, and came at last to glisten on the blades of corn, waving faintly in the field before her. She noticed, dreamily, how straight and dark its tassels were, outlined against the golden light.

A feeling of sorrow that was strangely mingled with a little thrill of joy fell over her.

One slender hand clasped the palings of the fence; the wistful gray eyes looked far away across the shining corn-field to the hills, darkly beautiful in the soft light.

The glory fell on her fair, pale little face, on the soft brown hair and childish, dimpled chin. It touched the white dress she wore, and the cape, jeweled at her belt, that lent the air around their matchless fragrance.

And so Will Gregory saw her standing there, while the poet's words came instinctively to his mind, "Here by God's road is the one maid for me."

In a moment more his strong, warm hand was laid upon the little trembling fingers, clasping the paling, while his voice said brokenly, "Was it to you, little girl, we owed our lives last night?"

She shrank away from him; the old timidity fell upon her.

"It was nothing," she said. "I know the road so well, and I was not afraid."

"You call it 'nothing'?" he answered, "the heroism that could induce a young girl to brave alone dangers before which a strong man would have quailed? Nothing that you risked your life while you rode through the darkness and storm to warn us of our danger? That but for your courage and heroic deed my comrades and myself might have been lying to-night at the foot of the crag, mangled and lifeless?"

Be paused for a moment; only the faint rustling of the corn broke the stillness.

She put up her hand as if to shield her face from his gaze. "Do not speak of it any more," she said, in a low voice; "if it were brave I did not think of it as such. I could not rest while I thought any one in danger."

He took both her hands in his. "Lida, look at me," he said; "Almost as a child she lifted her eyes in obedience to his; 'Little girl,' he asked, 'did you think of me while you rode through the storm last night?'"

She turned her head half away to hide her burning face.

"Shall I tell you what brought me back, little one," he went on. "The order was not for my return, only for that of the others. I am to be sent away many miles from here, but I could not leave a little girl that I met up here in the mountains. I came back to try to win her love and to ask her to go with me to my far-away home. Lida, you have saved my life; will you not give me that which alone can make it of value to me?"

Up in her room that night Lida knelt by the window. The moonlight shone on the happy little face. Even the distant hills seemed to know of her joy and to rejoice in it.

"Mrs. Deane, you must let me take her with me tomorrow," Mr. Gregory said next day. "I am ordered away for a year, and I cannot leave her, and at last to his entreaties Mrs. Deane gave a reluctant consent."

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"Saturday night's dream, Sunday morning told, is sure to come to pass. Before it's a week old."

A "Falls Route" at Last.

(From the Buffalo (N. Y.) Express.

There never has been, accurately speaking, a Niagara Falls route between the East and the West. There never yet has been a route by which the man from Kalamazoo, going back to see the folks "down in Maine," could get a fair look at Niagara Falls from his train. We select the man from Kalamazoo for an illustration, not because we have any ill-will for the Gem City of Michigan; but because that euphoniously named crossroads happens to be situated on the Michigan Central Railroad. The Michigan Central is not the only road that has advertised all these years—ever since the Suspension Bridge was opened—to be the great and only Niagara Falls route. The public—up around Kalamazoo and Oshkosh, and throughout—is a confiding public. It buys its tickets for its annual Eastern trip "by the great Niagara Falls route," and starts for the East in happy anticipation of a view of the Falls that shall equal the pictures and descriptions which adorn the schedules of "the great Niagara Falls route."

But, when it gets to Niagara River and finds that the only view of the Falls it has is a most unsatisfactory glimpse from a point a mile and a half down stream, little wonder that it feels its confidence has been abused, and that it comes to a unanimous verdict that Niagara Falls ain't no great shaker anyhow.

But at last—this very day—the Michigan Central Railroad Company opens a through East and West route which is honestly a Niagara Falls route, and which gives the tourist such full and leisurely opportunities to see Niagara Falls—without once leaving his seat—that a generous public may well accept the new provisions as ample atonement for all previous shortcomings. By the new route the traveler is not simply given a distant and obscure view of the Falls. He is taken down the river on the New York side. From Buffalo to Tonawanda he rides, much of the way, along the river bank, and can study the force and sweep of the great current. Then, as he rides along, he has a full view of the two great arms of the river that encompass Grand Island. Just before he reaches Niagara Falls village he can see the first break of the river into the upper rapids. He crosses the stream by the new cantilever bridge, and has a general view of the Falls which is better than that heretofore obtained from the old bridge, because it is a closer view. Then he skirts along above the Canadian bank until "Falls View" is reached. This point of observation has heretofore been reached only by the Niagara City branch of the Canada Southern. It has not been on the East and West route at all. Now all through trains stop at "Falls View," which is really one of the finest views of the Falls anywhere to be had.

Certainly such a route may be honestly called a "Niagara Falls route," and the traveling public cannot be long in finding out the genuineness of its attractions. It only remains to add that by the new route, opened to day, no through Michigan Central trains go directly East from the Falls, but come to Buffalo, thus securing the advantage of all the city connections, and at the same time making fast schedule time on the through route.

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was her artless interruption as she turned her attention to the stage.

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Piles are frequently preceded by a sense of weight in the back, but the eruption of the hemorrhoids, causing the patient to suppose he has some affection of the kidneys or neighboring organs. At times, gynecitis and indigestion are present as antecedent, unconscious of the stomach, etc. A molar, like periparturition, producing a very disagreeable feeling, particularly at night after getting warm in bed, is a very common attendant. Blind, bleeding and itching piles yield at application of Dr. Ross's Pile Remedy, which acts directly upon the parts affected, absorbing the tumor, allaying the intense itching, and affecting a permanent cure, where all other remedies have failed. Do not delay until the drain on the system produces permanent disability, but try it and be cured. Price 50 cents. Sent prepaid on receipt of price. Address, The Dr. Ross Medicine Co., Piquette, Ohio. Sold by John E. Griffin, agent, and Dr. F. Dorrington, Jr.

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There never has been, accurately speaking, a Niagara Falls route between the East and the West. There



## Cuticura



**A POSITIVE CURE**  
for every form of  
**SKIN & BLOOD DISEASE.**  
even  
**PIMPLES & SORES.**


**TO CLEANSE THE SKIN, Scalp and Blood**  
of itching, Scaly, Pimply, Copper-colored eruptions, Eczema, Itchiness and Contagious Scabies, Blood Poisons, Ulcers, Abscesses and Infestations of the Skin Tortures, the **CUTICURA REMEDIES** are infallible.

**Cuticura Resolves**, the new Blood Purifier, Diuretic and Aperient, expels disease germs from the blood and neutralizes and removes them. **CUTICURA**, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays itching and inflammation, cleanses the skin and scalp, heals Ulcers and restores to the complexion. **CUTICURA SOAP**, an ef-

[illegible]

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

# CATARRH



**SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE**  
The Great Balsamic Distillation of Wild  
Hazel, American Pine, Canadian Fir,  
Marigold, Clover Blossom, etc.,  
For the Immediate Relief and Permanent Cure

[illegible]

LOSES AND GAINS.

"I was taken sick a year ago  
With bilious fever."

"My doctor promised me cure, but I  
sick again, with terrible pains in my  
back and sides, and I got so bad I  
Could not move!

I shrink!

From 228 lbs. to 120! I had been do-  
ing for my liver, but it did me no good.  
I did not expect to live more than three months.  
I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly  
my appetite returned, my pain left me, my  
system seemed renewed as if by magic,  
and after using several bottles I am not only  
as sound as a sovereign but weigh more than  
I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life."  
Dublin, June 18, '81. Dr. F. F. F. F. F.

"Minden, Mass., Feb. 1, 1880. Gentlemen—  
I suffered with attacks of sick headache,  
Neuralgia, female trouble, for years in  
most terrible and excruciating manner.  
No medicine or doctor could give me re-  
lief or cure me. I used Hop Bitters.  
"The first bottle  
Nearly cured me."  
"The second made me as well and strong  
as when a child."  
"And I have been so to this day."  
My husband was an invalid for twenty

even years with a serious  
"Kidney, liver and urinary complaint,"  
"Pronounced by Boston's best physician,"  
"Incurable!"

Seven bottles of your bitter cured him and I know of the  
"Lives of eight persons!"

In my neighborhood that have been saved by your bitter.

Ask and many more are using them with great benefit.

"They almost do miracles!" — Mrs. E. D. Slacum

How to GET SICK.—Expose yourself to cold and night; eat too much without exertion; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrum advertisements and then you will want to know how to *well*, which is answered in three words: **Take Hop Bitters!**

—

**MILLINERY!**

*Mrs. U. G. Harris*

Has returned from the openings, with a line of

**FALL & WINTER GOODS**

And will be able this season, to see all our old customers, and attend to work persons

**MRS. U. G. HARRIS**  
360 THAMES ST. Newport,  
D. L. CUMMINGS, has just received  
all the latest Easter Novelties, at  
Thames St.





## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

From all Parts of the World.

Tax Bill Involving \$5,000,000.

NEW YORK, April 15.—A suit of the Elevated Railroad against the tax Commissioners was brought to a hearing in the Supreme Court to-day. It involves \$5,000,000. The plaintiffs claim that the road has been taxed at a higher rate than private corporations are. Plaintiff's counsel asked for the appointment of referees, and David Dudley Field will argue to-morrow the right and propriety of the Court to appoint them.

A Murderer's Desperate Jump.

TROY, N. Y., April 15.—James Curran, alias Riley, who is accused of murdering a man in Salem, Mass., two months ago, was discovered to-day, by a Salem officer, at work in the Gloversville mill. An attempt was made to arrest Curran, who knocked the officer down, jumped from a second-story window, and fleeing to the woods made his escape.

Terrible Lightning at Sea.

NEW YORK, April 15.—Hark Essex, from Zanzibar, reports that on April 2, during a terrible thunder storm, lightning struck the vessel, rendering every man on deck senseless, and doing much damage to the vessel.

Robbers in New York.

NEW YORK, April 15.—William J. Reed, a tea merchant, of Newark, Conn., was found late to-night in a semi-unconscious condition in Vesey street. He said he had been attacked by two men in Vesey street one of whom had struck him on the head with a blunt instrument. There was a severe laceration upon his head. He was sent to the hospital.

Strike in Pennsylvania.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., April 16.—The drivers, runners and mine boys in the vicinity of Kingston, organized this evening for the purpose of driving out the Hungarians. On Friday night last a fight took place, and the houses of the Hungarians were stoned by a mob of boys. The Hungarians fired pistols and guns, but no one was injured. Another fight took place last night, and this morning a Hungarian was stabbed in the head. On next Friday it is thought that a riot is inevitable.

Bandits in Kentucky.

LEXINGTON, Ky., April 16.—Word has been received here that the excitement in Breathitt county over the lynching of Henry Kilburn and Ben Strong is increasing. Kilburn's friends are gathering in large numbers and threatening vengeance against the lynchers. An outbreak is expected. Judge Riddle will not be permitted to hold the courts.

Yellow Fever.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., April 16.—Advices from Vera Cruz, Mexico, state that thirteen deaths from yellow fever occurred in one day last week. Among them was an American named O. J. Powers, formerly connected with the Mexican Central Railroad. The American Consul, who had the fever, has recovered.

Arrest of a Jewelry Thief.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., April 16.—William H. Dart, salesman for Geo. H. Ford, was arrested to-day, charged with stealing jewelry. His pecuniations are believed to amount to over \$1000. O here are thought to be implicated. Dart went to jail in default of bail.

A Nevada Town Burned.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 16.—The fire at Wadsworth, Nev., yesterday, started under the platform of the railroad depot. A high wind was blowing and in two hours the whole town, excepting a few private dwellings, was destroyed. Loss \$85,000; the insurance will not exceed \$15,000. The town has a population of 5000.

Boiler Explosion.—Three Men Fatally Injured.

BAY CITY, Mich., April 17.—The boiler in one of B. J. Chapin & Co's drill houses in this city exploded yesterday, instantly killing Zavier Sovoy and Wm. McCauley and fatally injuring John La Fountain, John Kelly and John Connolly. Four others were also injured.

A Kentucky Town in Possession of Outlaws.

LEXINGTON, Ky., April 17.—Advices from Jackson say that Wm. Strong and his gang, some 75 in number, are in possession of that town. He says he will hang 75 of the best citizens in retaliation for the hanging of Ben Strow and Henry Kilbourne, who was a member of Strong's gang. It is also reported that Strong refuses to let Judge Riddle hold court there.

A Judge Cowhided.

CINCINNATI, April 17.—A special dispatch to the Commercial Gazette from Mount Sterling, Ky., says Judge Richard Reid of the Superior Court and a prominent candidate for the Court of Appeals was cowhided last evening by John J. Cornellison, a prominent attorney. The difficulty arose over a case in the Superior Court.

Great Fires in the Far East.

LONDON, April 17.—Advices from the Far East state that a great fire is raging at Bangkok, the capital of British Burma, and that Mandalay, the capital of Burmah proper, which was recently half destroyed by a conflagration, has been afflicted with another extensive fire.

From Head to Foot.

The postmaster at North Buffalo, Pa., Mr. M. J. Green, says St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain-conqueror, cured him of pains in the head, and also of frontal fever.

## New Advertisements.

## MONEY SAVED IS MONEY EARNED.

This the ladies of Newport and vicinity can do by purchasing their Staple and Fancy Dry-Goods of

STODDER &amp; ROWLEE,

AT THE  
**New York Store,**  
142 THAMES STREET.

WE HAVE JUST ADDED TO OUR STOCK OF

## DRESS GOODS

The new and desirable styles and at a price for the spring and summer trade, which we shall offer at very low figures.

## SILKS,

SUMMER SILKS.—We have placed on our shelves a line of these goods and offer them at prices that cannot be duplicated.

## BLACK SILKS,

We maintain our low prices on superior quality of these goods, which have given such universal satisfaction the past year.

## PARASOLS! PARASOLS!

Our stock of Canopies, Canbries and Gingham, is finer than ever before.

## Underwear!

We make an inspection of the above goods; also of our white goods, faces, lawns, piques, muslins, table linen, towels and toweling, napkins, handkerchiefs, gloves, hosiery, &c.

## BLANKETS,

We are agents for Building Bros. Knitting Silks. Do not take or wear rough.

## STODDER &amp; ROWLEE

ESTABLISHED 1817.

## J. H. PRAY, SONS &amp; CO.

WILTONS, BRUSSELS, MOQUETTES, AXMINSTERS, SAXONY RUGS, ART INGRAINS, CHINA MATTINGS, WOODSTOCK SQUARES

And every grade and variety of Foreign and Domestic Carpetings, Oil Cloths, Matting, or Oriental Rugs, for sale at

## Reasonable Prices.

558 & 560 Washington St., BOSTON.

Automatic pencils long and short, at Cummings'.

Common lead pencils, all grades, at 146 Thames St., D. L. Cummings.

American SAW Company

Send for Catalogue, Trenton, N. J.

SEE!! 51c. Bible for 30 days. 2000 Engravings. 1600 Pages. 3 Clauses. Every Feature Circulating Free. Name paper. BIBLE HOUSE, Syracuse, N. Y.

COLBURN'S PHILADELPHIA MUSTARD

THE BEST FOR TABLE

CONSUMPTION.

I have a specific remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases have been cured, and it is my belief, that I will cure two out of three. I will send you a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer, who expresses and P. O. address to J. H. PRAY, SONS & CO., 558 & 560 Washington St., New York.

INTENDING ADVERTISERS should address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 10 Spruce Street, New York City.

For Select List of 1,000 Newspapers.

## New Advertisements.

## Now Is Your Time

To have your Pictures and Engravings framed, before the rush of summer trade sets in. Having just purchased 5,000 feet of choice mouldings in Oak, Ash, Chestnut, Mahogany, Bronze and Gilt, I am prepared to make them up at short notice. Satisfaction guaranteed as to price and workmanship. Chromos, Engravings and Frames at the lowest prices.

W. H. Arnold,  
12 BROADWAY.

## FOR SALE.

THE ESTATE located on the corner of Anthony and Fountain Streets. For particulars inquire at 14 Farwell St., or of GEO. H. CLARKE, 4-12-14

## GET THE BEST

Russell Coe's Fertilizers.

Prepared for all crops. Twenty-eight years standing. I am selling to same Parties that had it last year, I consider it the cheapest and best.

## FERTILIZER

made. All I ask is to try it along side those that sell for more price. Five or ten dollars on a ton is a great saving.

J. A. BROWN,

MARKET SQUARE, NEWPORT, R. I.

One car of these extra Holton Early Rose Potatoes for seed, just received, the best that is raised.

J. A. BROWN.

## TAYLOR &amp; BENNETT

189 THAMES STREET.

## SPRING GOODS COMING

IN CONSTANTLY.

Spring Overcoats,

Spring Pantaloon,

Spring Suits,

Spring Coats,

Spring Hats.

TAYLOR & BENNETT,

189 Thames St. 189

## Special Notice

for 1884.

To Farmers, Gardeners, and all owners of Lawns, Flower and Vegetable Gardens.

I cheerfully present a pure, undiluted

## STEARNS' FERTILIZERS

Which cannot be equalled in the market this year. The whole of my stock of Fertilizers are very highly spoken of by consumers of 1883, and I desire them to stand upon their own merits. They are the first Fertilizers in the market this season. They are the best and the cheapest.

The Stearns' Ammoniated Bone Super-Phosphate.

The "American" pure dried and ground fish Guano.

The Eagle Brand, Fish and Potash.

And the Ground Menhaden Fish Guano

Are all warranted and good results are reported from their use.

I am now receiving orders for from \$100. to \$500. Samples on hand, which are exhibited to all intending purchasers before purchasing elsewhere, and they are the best in the market.

GEORGE W. FIFE,

General Agent, Newport, R. I.

Commercial Wharf, 2-23-3m

Gold and plated pencil cases at 146 Thames St., D. L. Cummings.

Have you tried the rubber coated pens, for sale by D. L. Cummings.

## NOTICE.

Mr. Farrow would inform his many friends and customers that he has opened a store opposite the State House, where he will attend to all repairs entrusted to him. Ammunition of all kinds constantly on hand.

48 WASHINGTON SQUARE.

## Miscellaneous.

## Fertilizers for '84.

## A Cut in Prices!

Large Save to those who buy for Cash and take it from the depot

I have just bought a stock of the

Clavel Etoile's Fertilizer,

Which I will sell AS LOW as it can be bought at the factory. Also

Bradley's, Mitchell's and

Pacific Guano.

A FULL STOCK OF

SEEDS!

For the Garden and Field.

Plows and Harrows

Of all kinds, and prices to suit the buyer.

Shovels, Spades,

Forks, Rakes, &c.,

Of best quality at lowest market prices, at

GEORGE A. WEAVER'S,

23 Broadway.

## HAY, MANURE,

—AND—

## SPADING FORKS.

Socket and Shank Hoes,

Garden and Lawn Rakes,

Lawn Mowers, Rubber Hose,

Hose Reels, Ice Tools, Ames

Shovels, Spades and Scoops,

Pruning Shears, Saws and

Knives, a full line of Disston's

& Harvey Peace Saws, Planes

of all description, Boring

Machines, latest pattern with the

Gladwin Improved Augur Bit,

Brick and Plastering Trowels,

Carriage Bolts, Tire Bolts and

Coach Screws, also a full line

of Builder's Hardware.

Swinburne, Peckham & Co.,

215 THAMES STREET.

FORRESTER'S

COMPLETE MANURES.

FREE FROM ODOR.

Prepared separately for all crops and

Takes the place of

Stable Manure.

Keeping up the Fertility of the

Land.

MANUFACTURED BY

GEORGE B. FORRESTER,

## Miscellaneous.

## F. N. BARLOW &amp; CO.'S

## PRICE LIST.

145 Thames Street.

MELLIN'S FOOD

Large Size, 65 Cents per Bottle.

BILIOUSINE

80 Cents per Bottle.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Large Size, 75 Cents per Bottle.

Hoff's Malt Extract

35 Cents per Bottle.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER

18, 37 and 72 Cents per Bottle.

Quaker Bitters

67 Cents per Bottle.

Atwood's Bitters

The Genuine, 15c. per Bottle, 2 for 25 cents.

Cuticura Resolvent

80 Cents per Bottle.

MALT BITTERS

75 Cents per Bottle.

VEGETINE

85 Cents per Bottle.

Warner's Kidney & Liver Cure

87 Cents per Bottle.

Kennedy's Medical Discovery

\$1.15 per Bottle.

HUNT'S REMEDY

Large Size, \$1 per Bottle.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

40 and 75 Cents per Bottle.

Seidlitz Powders

25 Cents per Box.

Alcock's Porous Plasters

15 Cents Each, 2 for 25 Cents.

COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTER

18 Cents Each.

Brandreth's Pills

15 Cents per Box, 2 for 25 Cents.

WARNER'S PILLS

15 Cents per Box, 2 for 25 Cents.

SCHENCK'S PILLS

15 Cents per Box.

Cuticura Salve 42 Cents Per Box.

Calder's Dentine (7c. per Bottle.

Also a full line of Essences, Extracts, &c.

We are connected by Telephone and all orders will receive prompt attention.

O. F. WILCOX, Manager.

## Miscellaneous.

## STOCKBRIDGE

## MANURES!

Price Reduced.

Standard Maintained.

They have stood the test of the field and state inspectors for nearly ten years, and have been found the most reliable and richest fertilizers offered in the market.

Many farmers who have hitherto hesitated to use

STOCKBRIDGE MANURES

because of the high price, will now find them within their means. Don't forget the

PREMIUMS

Offered for the best crops of Pearl of Savoy

POTATOES,

Which are only to be obtained by the use of Stockbridge Manures.

John H. Peckham,

LAKE'S CORNER,

In the agent of the above mentioned goods. He has also for sale

Grass Seed,

Garden Seed,

Farming Tools,

Boxers Lawn

Dressing

and food for Flowers,

And will procure anything in the line of Farming and Gardening's supplies, at short notice.

My customers need not be reminded that my stock of groceries, Grain and Provisions are first class and need only to be tested to convince them of my statement. The place is Lake's Corner, No. 6.

172 & 176

BROADWAY,

AND NO. 1 EQUALITY PARK,

John H. Peckham.

FARM TO LET.

THE SHERMAN FARM, situated near the north end of Conanicut Island, within one mile of Providence Steamboat Landing, containing about 100 acres, has a well-wooded place of 50 acres. To anyone willing to have a farm that is worthy their consideration. DANIEL WATSON, 216 Thames Street.

Caswell, Massey

& Co.'s

RUM & QUININE

For the Hair.

Prevents the Hair from Falling, Cleansing and Invigorating to the Growth, Tonics and Stimulating to the Growth of the Hair, Cools the Head, and as a Dressing, Soft and Brilliant in Effect!

PREPARED BY—

CASWELL, MASSEY & CO.,

Family and Dispensing Chemists,

1117 Broadway (under Hoffman House),









